# WHIPPING RODS,

FOR

TRIFLING, SCURRHILL, SCRIBLERS;

AS

Mr F——T on TASTE,

SPECTORHILL his late Pamphlet and Papers:

HIS

THEOPHRASTUS on Stones or Gems, with other of his principal Performances.

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*Nemo me impune laceſſit.*

For the Thiſtle, not the Lyon, *as* Inſpect. *ſays.*

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*His frothy, bombaſt, hypocritic Cant,*
*Falſe, incoherent, fuſtian, florid Rant,*
*Looſe, rambling, puffing, vain, affected ſtill,*
*Hope not for Truth, from dire wild Spectorhill.*

The Trunkmaker.

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TO THE

# READER.

SHOULD the reader be deſirous to know how the author came to trouble himſelf with ſuch foul ſoot ſweepers, the anſwer is *ſe defendendo*, as well as for the common good, ſince they ſpare none: his turn to day being yours to-morrow: That from malice, or meer wantonneſs, they muſt needs run againſt him to daub him all over, with their naſtineſs. The ſuddenneſs of the attack (without the leaſt real cauſe) ſoon ſo raiſed his ſpirits as to incline him to have a tumble with them, ſince he could be no dirtier, and thus to attack them in his turn, begging *a clear ſtage and no favour*, for the public diverſion. Their dirty and foul uſage of him will be ſufficient apology for his making no great compliments with them, tho' not ſo ill as they have uſed him, or as they viſibly deſerve, to ſuch as will examine; yet 'tis neceſſary, in ſome meaſure, to anſwer them in their own way, if at all. As to other reaſons occaſioning this, it will be found in the dedication. The author intended to have mentioned the pamphlet of *the life of the Inſpector*, which he lays to his charge, as the occaſion of

his abuſe; but as the reader will ſee ſufficient on that head to clear it, and that he meant nothing but an opportunity of abuſing, as he does every one; the leſs reaſon the better. We need ſay no further, only this, that whoſoever writ it, ſhews himſelf to be of no ſpirit, or generoſity, not frankly to own it, or ſome way endeavour to clear ſuch as it is laid to. The motto of *Nemo,&c.* is uſed in the title as properly belonging to the *Thiſtle*, and was never uſed, or applicable to the Lyon, either of *England*, or *Scotland*, ſo idly claimed, or ignorantly put, by Mr Inſpector Gen. of *G. B.*

As *Auguſt* 10, in the Inſpector, he writes of ſtyles, and that our author is to be diſtinguiſhed from *Fielding*, no doubt he is, they being in quite different ways, and ſo alſo is his crowded verbiage with loads of dunghill flowers, inflated, bombaſt, incoherent, rambling, obſcure ſtuff from either. Whether this laſt is like to ſhut up the mouth of the lyon I know not, but our author he there mentions, as *well known to the ſleeping world*, will not allow him to be one of theſe, *though long* (as the Inſpector ſays) *of ſome degree of intimacy with him*; yet allows him to be well known to the crazy, flanting, light-headed, hair-brained, trifling world, who, from obvious reaſons of the brain, ſleep as little as himſelf, except when he is in bed with his *Amoroſa.*

The

The reader may be deſirous to know how it is, that the Inſpector's fighter of his battles, Major *England*, ſhould, as we are told by the ſaid ſcribe, have brought the author of the aforeſaid pamphlet before him, *all over bloody and on his knees*, ready to have————but that this injured, gracious hero, had entirely forgiven him; when ſoon after he publiſhes his ſcurrhillous pamphlet, on ſuch his ſuppoſed author. Thus, if the reader will read ſuch, he muſt not think much of ſwallowing his continual falſhoods, contradictions, or numberleſs inconſiſtencies.

But not to tire our reader with theſe, or ſuch like (tho' perhaps diverting) yet leſs uſeful parts, there is, however, that alſo of the more uſeful, ſuch as the criticiſms on ſtones, or gems, *&c.* which may be of ſome real utility to the purchaſer.

The reader cannot be to learn how virulent, ſcurrilous, and abuſive, this notorious ſcribe has been with the characters and perſons of both ſexes; nay, even frequently, moſt impudently to put their names at length. In *Saturday*'s Inſpector, *Sept.* 16, he tells us *of his right to chaſtiſe, reprimand, and ſhame——in the moſt open manner* —he, ſays he, *who is tender of offending his neighbour, in reproving him, ought to tremble while he reflects that he offends his God while he neglects it.*

*Every*

*Every one is onſwerable for the miſcarriages of another——Public duty expected of all. Saturday* following, *September* 23, *How can a man* (ſays he) *of candour and charity take pleaſure in ſeverity—but to take all moſt favourably—Love and charity ſhould induce him to believe all was with good intent—What then is our infatuation prevents our exerting this.—Thoſe the moſt vicious who are the moſt cenſorious.* This is the manner of this conſiſtent author, who poſſibly may begin to apprehend the *Lex talionis* coming to his own ſhare.

To dwell on his filching plagiariſm (as his own) without doing due honour to the author he robs, would be endleſs; ſuch as *p.* 8. *That envy* (*or cenſure*) *is a tax which every man pays, &c.* Vide *Swift*'s Various Thoughts.

*N. B.* The wild aſs has couragiouſly got into the lyon's ſkin, and will try to fright others than thoſe of his own tribe, with his uncouth noiſy braying, which he means for, and calls, the roaring of the lyon.——*N. B.* This noble beaſt whilſt yet alive, in the time of our forefathers, or worthy predeceſſors, never did, or meant, the leaſt hurt, ſcurrility, offence, or ill-manners, to any one, but quite tame, docile, and uſeful: But now the mule, or wild aſs, is got into this ſkin, he tears all to pieces without diſtinction, friends and foes. *Tempora mutantur.*

To

To the very unparallel'd, remarkably ſelf-denyed, humble, pious, reſigned, well meaning, unforward, unbaſhfully bluſhing, unaſſuming, unſcurriliſing, unſcandaliſing, unſelf-vain, unſelf-praiſing, unſelf-puffing, *ſine qua non (quondam)* friend; who ſo modeſtly ſtyles himſelf only Mr, or Dr, Inſpector General of *Great Britain*; corrector, preacher, teacher, comptroller of all ranks, *&c.* who has long been (as he ſays) of ſome degree of intimacy with me.

Inſpectoral Great Sir, in your own imagination, and of your own creation, Sir,

'TIS *plain you were reſolved to oblige me (if poſſible) to do you the credit to take ſome public notice of you, tho' I never judged it worth while ſo to do. Nor did I indeed ever till now intend it, neither did I in reality, ever incline to be taken notice of by you, in any of your public writings, tho' this laſt, 'tis poſſible, may have given you offence, and provoked you to ſcurril reſentment. And thus, Sir, you ſee you have forced and drawn this cool anſwer from me; if you reliſh it, much good may it do you; and if the public approve it, 'tis ſtill the better. I thought indeed, and hoped to have paſſed along quietly, and to have finiſhed this (poſſibly) but ſhort remaining part of life, in its decaying fabric, without diſturbance or annoyance, particularly from ſuch———Nor my credit, or reputation, to be vilified by any malevolent, mercenary ſcribler, from meer caprice or blunder; having hitherto, I ſay, paſſed with credit and reputation, and I imagine without any real blemiſh. Yet you, Sir, true* Drawcanſir *like, were not pleaſed with this, and, as by your vicious nature, you ſpare neither man, woman, kindred, friend, acquaintance, or ally, you were unalterably reſolved to have a full lick at me; thus to bring me (if poſſible) down to your own level. I freely own to you, my dear, reſtleſs, unbounded, buſtling,*

Sir,

*Sir, I had no great inclination to enter the liſts with ſuch a very D—— R——, more eſpecially when every one told me, you were not worth my notice: That you had entirely loſt your character (if ever you had any) that ſcarce any one now minded you, or thought you worth the notice of any one. This, indeed, is the account I had, of him who calls himſelf Inſpector General of* Great Britain, *I own, Sir, that all this had influence on me, by putting me in doubt whether I had beſt appear or not; but when I, on the other hand, duly conſidered. that your ſo common abuſive ſcurrillity was what every one acquainted, or unacquainted, muſt ſooner or later expect, the former ſtill the moſt; nor that any number of more or leſs years could excuſe, ſcreen, or gain the leaſt favour from you, who grant no quarter to any one, as the generous and couragious do; I thought it even beſt to take ſome notice of you. But why, you may ſay, if ſo to all, ſhould I give anſwer more than any others, you have dedicated ſuch your choice labours to, as well as to me, to wit, to the Pr—— of the R——l S——y, and even to the whole Society, as well as every particular, you could well think of. All this, Sir, I will very readily allow, but if there was reaſon for ſuch behaviour to any one of theſe, I ſay there was none for that to me. But that indeed with you may be the very ſtrongeſt reaſon for ſo doing. Well, be it ſo. I will ſay then, that we are not all of a piece, nor in the ſame humour always, quietly to ſit down with ſuch compliments. Beſides that, I thought I had it in my power to give as good as you brought. I thus therefore at laſt reſolved, for example ſake, and the common good, to do you at the ſame time the favour, and credit, to take cognizance of you, ſince that is as viewing a minute object with a microſcope, which ſerves to magnify you. Beſides, that you well know it is, without doubt, of great advantage to you, ſince the over and above credit of being duly anſwered, by him you * dedicate your piece to, not a com-*

* *Quere, Whether you did not miſtake, and meant the dedication to your Materia Medica to me, who put you on that work, as a token of gratitude, which ſome of your friends are ſo ready to imagine, and that in the pamphlet intended to him, you there name in ſaid Materia, conſidering him as a great writer of the age. But, indeed, I think one or t'other of your dedications, are equally valuable, or equally to be minded.*

*common hackney mercenary ſcribler (without reflection to Mr* Inſpector) *you thus gain new matter, and freſh ſubject to write on, and ſo to anſwer it, which otherwiſe might oblige you to write a feign'd anſwer, ſo very common with you, and again to re-anſwer that; for as you obſerve in one paper, you common hackney* writers muſt eat, *and of courſe you muſt write; conſequently you muſt———— Now to prevent the laſt, might be the cauſe of your end, which I would by no means promote, but rather encourage you to eat, write, and————Whether the town would judge they had ſuffered any conſiderable loſs in ſuch extinction, I will not ſay, though I am confident you will; that they would have an extraordinary loſs, is well known, you would ſay, becauſe you every day, in your Inſpectoral papers, pamphlets, octavo books, quartos, folios, beſide and beſides— do truly divert and inſtruct them ſo very much, that for ſuch loſs they would neeeſſarily be inconſolable. For which and many other weighty reaſons, it is to be hoped, that for the general benefit, you would be ſo very good and kind, as to write us one entire paper every week, ſuppoſe it* Monday, (Saturday *being engaged) entirely on the various praiſes, high commendations and uſes of Mr* Inſpector General *of* G. B. *and his moſt elaborate papers, puffs, or works,* &c. *beſides which, a ſtroke* en paſſant, *might be given in every daily. What pity it truly is, moſt indefatigable Sir, that as you have ſuch a moſt notable ſurpriſing knack of writing thoſe ſo very valuable diurnal Inſpectors, you ſhould not vouchſafe kindly, frankly, and freely, to give us the beſt receipt for the making them up, and to be uſeful. I have indeed attempted ſomewhat towards it, at the end of this ſmall performance, which, I doubt not, is much faulty, and therefore ſubmit it to your generous amendment. Yet, on ſecond thought, I expect no favour from you, and as you have ſo valouroufly thrown down your gigantic gauntlet, or ſooty glove, (or————from your threatning quill) I have even as daringly taken it up, am on my march, having paſſed the* Rubicon, jacta eſt alea, *and now thus ready to meet the inſulting warrior, the dextrous* Roman *Gladiator, or the wild uncouth ſavage. But what do I talk of! ſurely we meant neither the firſt, nor ſecond, 'tis ſufficient ſhould we allow the laſt. But your companion, or awful champion, the lyon, I have helped to feed in Sir* Richard's *time,*

*is now dead with you, and is no more. In ſhort, I find I have only to do in reality with a ſoot ſweeper, who, inſtead of appearing at* Pharſalia, *I am to look for, and find him out with his companions, at or about the* Bear Garden, *if I can. I hope, ſhould I ſo find you, you will not meanly and ſneakingly deny yourſelf, as you ſo commonly do your writings, though even when as plain to be known, and proved, as your perſon and gait is at* Ranelagh, Marybone, *or* Cuper's. *And now, though I conſider you as ſuch a ſweeper, yet, cannot but, at the ſame time, admit you to be a foul dirty ſcribbler, which unclean filthy ſcrawlings, ſufficiently appear all over your productions. But you ſomewhere ſquint at me as if I muſt* write to eat. *I have however been told you have ſaid otherwiſe to ſome, and do believe it, that you know better. But this is equally conſiſtent with the reſt, when you aſſert all our productions go to your trunk-maker, and at the ſame time we do and can eat by our performances. Though I doubt, Sir, better than yours, or mine either, have gone to the trunk-maker, when on uncommon or unpopular ſubjects, but I deny that mine have yet appeared there; though yours frequently have: Nor can you ſurely have the face to pretend, that your laſt on* the writers of the age, *had better fate, which paid not the advertiſing. And now I will obſerve, if for amuſement, or public inſtruction, I writ on bounded or unpopular ſubjects, there could be no general run or vent expected; and ſtill far leſs now, that I have made choice of a ſo very low, dull, and trifling a ſubject as yourſelf. Can I poſſibly then hope to eat by it? No ſure. The bookſellers, printers, publiſhers, I freely own, all declare you a ſubject that cannot anſwer, even tho' writ by the greateſt maſter. Thus, Sir, it ſeems not in the power of man to immortalize ſuch a perſon, or to make ſuch a ſubject deſirable, nay not even* Pope *himſelf, had he inclined to have done it, or attempted it, it would certainly have damped, or damned, his* Dunciad. *He therefore, conſequently, muſt have formed on purpoſe, or have new created, a* hilliad, *or* helliad, *for inferiors far below his notice, no way on a level with ſuch in the* Dunciad. *For I will venture to ſay, that the very worſt of theſe he has there mentioned, are yet far beyond any thing you can reaſonably pretend to. I will here quote one for example ſake, there mentioned, who probably*

*will*

will be reckoned the very loweſt and worſt there, to wit the bookſeller, Mr. Curl, yet ſurely he, Sir, goes far beyond what you can with any juſt reaſon pretend to; which muſt appear clear to every one who had the leaſt knowledge of one and t'other. He muſt and will by all be allow'd to have been a perſon of uncommon ſhrewdneſs and cunning, far beyond your pretenſions that way. As to his improper uſes of them (alledged by ſome) how far you would have gone beyond him in that, had you been endowed with ſuch like talents, is what I ſhall not pretend to determine: And as to his ſhrewd, ſtrong, cloſe, ſmart, keen, witty manner of writing, ſurely the world will never allow you to come any way near him. As to the number of his or your writings, or books, which exceeded in number, yours or his, and which beſt, or of which there went the moſt to your or other trunk-makers, is what I cannot pretend to ſay. I will next ſet you right (if neceſſary) and here obſerve to you, that I never was employed or paid for writing by any bookſeller: This I affirm and call on any to contradict it. You, Sir, you know, as a common hack cannot, or do not pretend to this, but for your two guineas a week muſt produce your Daily Inſpector, on ſome popular ſubject, unleſs now and then to puff a book, or indulged to puff yourſelf and your performance. Otherwiſe your buſineſs is to work at the ſubjects they propoſe or approve, as Chambers's *Dictionary*, or other popular ſubject, they imagine the moſt ſaleable. Is it to be thought that had I inclined to employ myſelf with the Materia Medica I recommended to you, I could not have done it? Yes, Sir, and I imagine not worſe than you, though ſurely not ſo ſoon, yet probably with full as much correctneſs, and, I dare ſay, as much to be depended on for real uſe, in medicines, or for maladies. I will, at the ſame time, freely own, Sir, that had you been bleſſed with judgment and veracity, you would or might, I think, have made an author to be minded. Thus, Sir, I muſt obſerve, you are in reality, and allow you to be, the thundring bibliopole gunner; they provide powder and ſhot, and you fire away, like wild-fire, without fear, wit, or diſcretion, at all you take diſlike to, ſo that its doubtful if their powder and ſhot will hold out; three fourths of it being already you know expended; ſo that your worthy proprietors, now honeſtly wiſh and pray, that your diurnal ſcandal paper may ſucceed.

*'Tis poſſible, Sir, that you and the publick will obſerve, that this is not writ by the ſame hand, as that you ſo readily, and freely laid to our charge. Nor can it well be imagined you ever truly thought it ours, but that it would ſuit you, or had further views therein; ſince otherwiſe, we muſt conclude you to be more dull, ſenſeleſs, and ſtupid, than is to be imagined, as may more fully be gathered hereafter. I ſhall at preſent take notice of your dedication to me, in that your performance. You will there, you ſay, juſtly draw my portrait*, deficient of beauty, *&c. that is, you draw it, as before obſerved (I not the author) whilſt another ſits for the likeneſs, of your imagination formed from a frantic fancy, which in general would juſt as well fit any one, your malign ſpleen inclines to apply it to. But how come you, knowing Sir, to uſe ſo large a letter in a dedication to me? (a mark of honour as you obſerve) Or was it occaſioned only to ſpin out the quantity, ſo to impoſe the better on your acquaintance, and to gull them thus and to impoſe on the public? You expect not, I hope, apology, nor will you take amiſs that I have put your very excellent and good friend, patron, or chrony, Mr* F——t *his name, before yours, not ſo much on account of family, as that he was you know, captain, or maſter, of a whole company of ſtrollers, both in* Britain *and* Ireland, *an honour you muſt allow that you have never yet arrived at, notwithſtanding all your attempts that way. But you would hint the emperor* Nero *and ſenators, to compliment him, appeared on the ſtage, (why not you) 'tis true, it was the faſhion of thoſe elegant times, why ſhould not the* Inſpector *alſo bring it here in faſhion? If indiſcreetly a noble perſon was mentioned in that performance with you, it ſerved a propos for you again to blend in, and trumpet about in public that noble perſon's name, along with your own wild character, by way of defending one and t'other, becauſe alone you ſhould not have been minded. The* L—d B—l—k *you attempted to be known to as Inſpector, &c. you know thought you not worthy his acquaintance. But ſome aſſirm you impudently pretend, that performance to me, was not yours, but your intimate, &c. were that the caſe to have a co-adjutor, or you to dictate or approve, is it not the ſame or worſe? Did you take one ſtep to ſatisfy me of your innocence, either in public or private? Does not your vain romantic ſtyle ſufficiently declare it yours? Beſides your own*

vain

*vain defence, and ſuch particulars, as could come from none but you, concerning me; beſides, who would talk of the* Inſpector *and* Spectator, *&c. being eternal, but yourſelf: But why ſhould I be at pains to prove you, ſo commonly to aver falſhoods ſo plain, and that I, and all, are ſo well convinced of? Nay further, have you not ſtill more fully confirmed it, in two of your daily's, with ſome trifling variations, nay one with my name at length? But to prove your falſe aſſertions and contradictions, would be endleſs: As to your ſcurril manner of libelling, and when called upon you cry you did not mean ſo, or ſuch perſon, &c. 'tis all of a piece with yonrſelf: ſo you and your printer, ſend your ſcurrillity to the publiſher, by unknown hands, to hide from whence it comes. Theſe indeed are ways, a thieviſh race of malignant poltroons, common cowards, and vile diſpenſers of outragious ſcandal may take and approve, but I who am above all ſuch miſcreant doings, and who always liked and dared to aver truths, ſo you will find me ready enough to acquaint you, ſurely not to deny that I am the writer:*

K——Y.

WHIP-

# WHIPPING RODS,

FOR

TRIFLING, SCURRHILL, SCRIBLERS;

AS

*Mr* F—T, *Mr* Inſpector General of ‡ G. B.

I Could not judge it improper here, to introduce the ſo very noted, and well known Mr *F——t* as a great corrector of vice, and of the morals, and manners of the preſent age: which ought no doubt to be recorded in hiſtory, as well as that of Mr *Inſpector* of *G. B.* and it would be pity indeed, they ſhould ever be ſeparated, being ſuch great chronies and intimates together, and ſo much of a piece, ſo *ſimile ſimili gaudit.* I thought once, more particularly to have dwelt on the former's moſt remarkable performance on *Taſte* ſo highly recommended, and moſt ingeniouſly puffed by Mr *Inſpector*, as a perfect maſter piece for ſtile, and a model to futurity for *Engliſh* comedy. But as the publick have decided, and



‡ *Scriblerus* very learnedly obſerves, *G. B.* has by falſe interpreters been read *Great Britain*, for that it was always read, and underſtood, by true critiques to mean *Grubſtreet Bunters*: eſpecially when adapted by any one of the *Grubean* ſcriblerian tribe aſſuming and calling himſelf *Inſpector General.* The true reading then being *Grubſtreet Bunters*, that is *Inſpector General* of *Grubſtreet Bunters*, ſo univerſally known, practiſed, and applauded in that univerſity. But then detractor, calumniator or falſehoodmonger general ſlanderer for *G. B.* 'tis read Detractor general of *Great Britain.*

determin'd, by their opinion on this ſo elegant work, we ſhall conſequently chooſe to ſay but little thereon. The prologue however, wrote by the manager, to make the beſt of a bad market, by throwing in a little ſlight wit in rhime, puffed it a night or two with the public, tho' even that was not fit, poſſibly never intended to be examin'd or dwelt on, either by reaſon, truth, or *taſte*. I ſhall here then only remark that as to the body of the work, or principal part thereof, 'twas borrow'd from a ſtale alehouſe tale, of an oldwomans pretty perſon, ſo frequently told at thoſe places, to all idle ſilly people about town, by that eminent *A——t*, who has ſo excellently, and remarkably perform'd, on all occaſions, the ſo valuable part of an old woman. I ſhall not remain on the virtues or excellent *taſte* of the principal original performers, let it ſuffice that we ſay, they were to expoſe the want of virtue and *good taſte* in others; altho' they never yet pretended to inform us what a real *good taſte* was; neither will I believe this virtuous refining reforming author, vouchſafes to inform us, that he has innocently, cautiouſly, decently, honourably, and without offence, paſſed thro' life without at the ſame time obſerving a general corruption, throughout all the branches of human affairs; even full as much, as in this he ſeems ſo fond of reforming, without, in reality, in the leaſt underſtanding the ſubject, or in truth knowing any thing of the matter. We need only ſay then, that this elegant writer, and noted performer, this ſo very conſcientious and well meaning author, has no doubt given the world full and ſufficient proofs of his admirable good *taſte*, and of his own dis-intereſted views, in all his

his own affairs, with his moſt ſtrenuous efforts always to prevent human kind from being duped or impoſed on.

But now I would here beg leave to obſerve, that a particular hint in this very notable piece was borrowed from *Peregrine Pickle*, which his great friend Mr *Inſpector* having moſt learnedly read and obſerved in this *Peregrine*, on the ſubject of antiquaries; *to wit* Dr *Mummie* being there mentioned, this common aſperſor, was moſt ready and willing to ſnap ſuch an opportunity, and accordingly to tell *K——y*, that he was meant, tho' 'tis plain, and as the author himſelf affirms, he had not any perſon in view. However, the reply to his impertinent remark was, that he Mr *Inſpector* (often pale) look'd full as like a *Mummie* himſelf. Whether ſuch paleneſs proceeds from ill habit, irregularities, or occaſional deficiencies of the *ſtream of life*, or paultring ſpirits, is not material to determine. Be this as it will, this admirable thought was ſoon followed, and inſerted with more relating thereto, from *Peregrine Pickle*, in that matchleſs production of *taſte*; to wit, that alſo of a *Charles's* farthing (as alledged) being taken for an antique *Roman* coin by antiquarians; whereas this notable plagiary tells us, in his performance, that the *Roman* coin he affects to produce (being a ſilver coin, in the firſt cabinet of *Europe*) is no other, ſays he, than a *Briſtol* farthing. Whereas *Pickle* ſpeaks only of copper, but this miraculous performer turns the ſilver into copper. So the former pretends to taſte, his copper piece the ruſt, *&c.* but our wild filcher ſticks not at ſilver or gold, but taſtes and proves all alike, with the copper ruſt of a *Briſtol* farthing. I doubt not but this moſt excellent genius, by the ingenious help of Mr *Inſpector*, will

will prove by the taſte likewiſe that a diamond is a *Briſtol* ſtone, or by their great induſtry and art, be able to turn diamonds into *Briſtol* ſtones, which would be a great piece of curioſity, and no diſadvantage to the proprietor ſuppoſing the former to coſt nothing.

But let us leave this unparalell'd writer, unleſs we ſuppoſe and allow his great admirer and moſt worthy friend Mr *Inſpector*, to approach him, of whom however we ſhall now ſpeak.

We will then commence, with the moſt excellent laſt performance, called *obſervations on the writers and their manner of treating each other, of the preſent age*, dedicated to Dr *K——y*. He firſt there begins, as well as goes on, with his romantic flights, and crowded, ill applyed quotations, every half, or third of a page, before criticiſed on by the writer of his life and character: which this diſtinguiſhing wizard, this great genius has laid abſolutly to the charge of the preſent writer hereof, who never ſo much as ſaw or look'd into that pamphlet, until this ſcurrilous anſwer appeared, that firſt commences with a long pompous mythological poetic deſcription of *truth*, which he moſt freely, tho' unluckily informs us in the firſt page *he is unhappily a ſtranger to*. I do, indeed, truly and verily believe him, and that it is a greater truth than I have hitherto obſerved in any of his writings. Now that being the caſe, he can as little pretend to be otherwiſe than a meer ſtranger alſo to her illuſtrious offſpring he ſo elegantly deſcribes: to wit, *candour* and *ſincerity*, which I am certainly ready to vouch for, for that it muſt be ſo, that conſequently he muſt neceſſarily be unacquainted likewiſe, with her attendants, *modeſty and diffidence*, which I dare

ſay,

ſay, none will accuſe him of entertaining any part of either of them about him. After this, he acquaints us, with the gait of this goddeſs. Now I greatly wonder he did not mention that of his own: hers, he ſays, was *equal and majeſtic:* if his be ſo let him ſay. He has I think told us, in one of his papers, that his *is much imitated*, by thoſe of *taſte*: it being I believe, that of the ſhamling, rolling aukward, ploughman's gait. Thus then, being quite an abſolute ſtranger to all theſe virtues, this vain forward, audacious hero muſt naturally, be perfectly and moſt familiarly aquainted with *falſhood*, ſcandal, detraction, defamation, malevolence, *&c.* their oppoſites. † He ſoon after this, tells us, of the ſudden flight of this goddeſs, as he was about to addreſs, and to make a fine flattering ſhim ſham ſpeech to her. No wonder truely ſhe ſo ſtarted: yet whilſt ſhe was riſing, in the air, a ſpector mounting, a dunghill there (where vermin breed) ſhe

† *Sriblerus* obſerves, cowardice and lying to be alſo the companions of theſe; that a coward will bully talk big, ſpeak or write on valour and courage, is certain, and that a malevolent common diſtributor of ſcurrility and ſcandal ſhould alſo be capable (ſo covering guilt) to talk and write plauſibly alſo, on probity, virtue, goodneſs, is as certain. That the moſt common lyar, univerſally ſo known, may even glaringly, or ſeemingly (to many) talk or write well on veracity, truth, (malignity of lying) nay on all the moral virtues, is not to be queſtion'd. Or that the valet, or page of *Lucifer* (the grand lyar and inventor) ſhould even be capable of preaching well on all moral or divine ſubjects, far beyond any thing produced from any of our diurnal productions, cannot be denied. Yet without ſelf denyal, an exemplary inoffenſive way of living, without giving juſt ſcandal or offence to any, mankind will never believe or imagine that any ſuch writer or teacher, is in the leaſt convinced of ſuch doctrine, and that the preacher conſequently is in reality a mere wolf in ſheeps cloathing.

ſhe flew over, he ſuddenly caught hold of her upper ſlighter mantle, which he immediately wrapt himſelf in, ſo to paſs for truth here below: tho' of no real uſe, if any at all, being 'twas only with the moſt ignorant and moſt unknowing vulgar, ſince that ſame ſlight covering was ſo very delicate and thin, that all who had eyes, or the leaſt degree of perception, could eaſily and moſt plainly ſee through it. Yet having likewiſe forcibly ſnatched the particle *in* ſo to place it before his proper name of *Spector*, it might thus paſs off the better with the thoughtleſs. Well but now we would next obſerve, that this well read, well applying *Spector*, takes full notice in his ſaid accurate performance, that *Homer* himſelf was atack'd with the fury of a *Zoilus*, why ſhould not he expect the ſame fate? But to anſwer this, it is quite plain, that it is he who is *Zoilus*, in having firſt attack'd Dr *K——y*, who never thought of him; or that he deſerved his notice, until thus provoked. It being ſo then, it is clear, and evident, that he thus fairly and ſufficiently proves himſelf to be this malevolent, malicious, impotent critic. *Virgil* alſo, quoth he, had his *Bævius* and *Mævius*, the genuine offspring *of Falſhood*, who attack'd him. So had, *K——y* his *F——t* and *H——ll*, who attack'd him firſt without provocation, unleſs they thought it ſufficient their ſuſpecting him to have merit: or was it that they judged he deſpiſed them and their vicious ways of thinking? However, be all this as it will, this I am well aſſured of, that the world will much more readily agree them to be the *Bævius* and *Mævius* of the preſent age, than the ſhadows, either of *Homer*, or of *Virgil*. And is it yet two ſuch this Spector,

*p.* 8, calls the *moſt elegant writers of the preſent age?* The one no doubt means himſelf, you have his own word for it (as uſual), ſince no body elſe will be ſo good and kind to ſay ſo, what leſs can the world expect him to do for himſelf? Thus as to his cuſtomary pye-bald, hateful, loathſome praiſes; his frothy, fuſtian, incoherent encomiums, pretty near alike to all, none who have the leaſt value for their reputation would, I think, be ſo mean as to accept of them: They are as ſaleſmens cloaths in *Monmouth-ſtreet*, they fit every one equally. So it is, he has ſuch always by him, alſo vaſt ſtores of ſcurrility and ſcandal. As for others, there is incredible plenty I ſay of nauſeous, fulſome, glarings, daubings of injudicious praiſe, ready for ſale, by himſelf, bookſeller, or printer, by the yard, or in what quantity may be deſired, ſuiting all equally. So that with him we will readily enough agree, that the applauſe *of fools*, or bad men, *is cenſure*; the approbation of the *wicked*, *ſcandal*: or to be praiſed by ſuch [*vide May* 20], conſequently one would not chooſe to be praiſed by them, more eſpecially when, like this, they prove to be of the common hackney, ſcribbling, mercenary crew. Let him and thoſe then, rather go on in thier utmoſt malice, and wild fire ſcurrility, by which the preſent writer of this may gain ſome reputation. He again further acquaints us, in the aforeſaid paper, *That one period of a man's life, will beſt explain the tranſactions of the reſt.* I do moſt heartily agree with this ſo very candid writer, in that aſſertion; and thus the preſent writer, or *K*———*y*, the perſon accuſed by him, does thus as willingly agree, that ſuch of candour

dour (acquaintance or otherwiſe) willing to examine this way, by any one material particular of his life, do ſo accordingly judge and explain the reſt of the tranſactions thereby. It is to be hoped then, that this wiſe ingenious lawgiver will no way diſapprove that the world ſhould do the like by him: which I doubt not they do, will, and have done. Nor will his hipocritic ſoothing pretence, or ſham logomachies, ſerve to blind them. But I ſhould here beg pardon and patience of my reader, to acquaint him that, in this notable pamphlet, he brings the goddeſs *Truth* from above, to pay him a viſit, and to favour him; ſaying to this dear ſcribe, *That ſhe having no guardian (or perſon) of veracity here below, ſhe can truſt in his* (dear) *concerns, all being intereſted*, &c. So that indeed according to this, it ſeems but too plain, that no one here below, is fit, or proper, to compare any one *period of his life*, by which they may beſt *explain the tranſactions of the reſt*. Let us therefore attend a little, to his notable prating to *cæleſtial Truth*; for he hints to us that they were very familiar for ſometime together, if the reader indulgently inclines to take his word for it, as a man of veracity and modeſty. Yet to go on then with this pretty prat, tending to inſtruct the goddeſs; *Know then*, quoth he, *thou glorious object,—That envy is a tax which every man pays to the public for being famous!—Aſſured of the hatred of knaves and fools.* Will not the reader ſtraight agree this to be an extream pretty ſpeech for a *falſe ſpector*, to inform ſuch divinity of? It were to be wiſhed he had told her, that *K——y* would have greatly rejoiced to have had a like fair opportunity of telling

telling her the ſame thing; or at leaſt in praying ſhe might favourably judge him to have ſome degree of juſt pretence to a ſhare of merit, particularly when compared with the former, if that were neceſſary. Yet who knows whether ſome of her beſt guardians here below may not favourably inform her of theſe particulars; tho', ſurely, this Spector will be ready to ſwear they are knaves, rogues, and fools if they do. As to the reſt of his long ſpeech to the goddeſs, he therein wiſely improves, and informs her of all his affairs here below; acquainting her of his parentage, and being of *Peterborough*, &c. The writer hereof never diſputed this, allows † his father a clergyman of merit, and his brother ſo alſo; it were to be wiſhed the

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ſame could be ſaid of him. But may we not be allowed to remind him, that the ſame brother writing to him, when he yet kept his ſhop in the *Broad way*, *Weſtminſter*, facetiouſly told him in the ſaid letter, *that he always imagined him to live in the Broadway*. 'Tis likely the ſame worthy perſon (had he known of his not diſtinguiſhing friends from enemies) would have adviſed him better on that head. One likewiſe of the ſame town, a noted ſcribe, (he well knows) and who 'tis likely then had the perſon we write of in his eye; on being then ſpoken of, facetiouſly, freely, and merrily ſaid, His townſmen were noted for L——g. As to his † vanity, he is charged with, and which he would willingly defend, I own I never was for robbing him of that, were it poſſible; ſince that is the great and principal ſpur that exerts and prompts him to all the action and vigilance of his life; without which, he would prove to be no other than a meer dull lump of inanimate earth, a ſtatue void of all vivacity, and quite unfit for any part of human life. Thus then we will take him as we find him, with *his diſtinguiſhed excellencies*, which he informs this ſaid goddeſs of: that *cannot*, ſays he, *be vanity*; but *his fondneſs of every opportunity of pointing out the excellencies of others*. Yet I would decently beg leave to differ with him a little in this particular, ſince it ſeems but too plain, and glaringly to appear to the world, to be the

‡ As to his vanity, ſays *Scriblerus*, he is here at great pains to excuſe it to the goddeſs, whilſt in an *Inſpector* ſince writ, *Auguſt* the 3d, he is at as much pains to vindicate it to the public. *Julius Cæſar* might be vain of conquering the world. So *Cicero* the known and allow'd orator of it. But not for one allow'd by none, on every trifling occaſion to puff himſelf in every half ſheet he ſcribbles, without the leaſt reaſon. But ſuppoſe we allow all men equally vain, yet none ſhew it on every ſilly, or fooliſh occaſion, but fools.

the very exceſs of vanity, without alſo tacking ambition and intereſt thereto. Neither has this diſintereſted ſcribe done it, as he there aſſures us, *to ſecure returns of applauſe.* Tho' we cannot but wiſh he had been ſo kind as ſomewhat more plainly to have proved this aſſertion to the *Goddeſs Truth*; ſince ſincerely, and in very truth, it appears quite the contrary to others, as well as to me; and tis, well if it do not ſo likewiſe to ſuch of the world in general who have eyes. Firſt then, is it or can it be pretended by him, that he did not, or could not foreſee, that ſuch publick acts of his, and recommendations of others (eſpecially being well placed) would conſequently gain him, and his paper, reputation, credit, and common applauſe? So even † intereſt, *&c.* and is it poſſible then, that he ſhould ſtill be ſo ſtrangely ſtupid, thus idly to imagine, that the great *Goddeſs Truth* could not ſee all this? Or that ſhe was thus impertinently, and moſt impudently to be fobb'd off with ſuch barefaced, ſham, pretending ſpeeches? Is it not fully and ſufficiently proved, by his own frequent, unparalled, vain, and fulſome recommendations, and high encomiums on himſelf, and of all his ſo very fertil loquacious performances, as well the preſent here mentioned, as by his other heaps of ſcribbles of all kinds? The commendations of public papers, may often be of uſe (to ſuch as want it) eſpecially when judiciouſly done, it being ſeen by many. Nay a commencing paper, may even often alſo want a ſufficiency

† What does he prate of, ſays *Scriblerus*? Have we not heard him aſſert, that on a panegyric Inſpector on a P— he had a bank note of 20*l.* ſent him next day, but refuſed it? Believe it who liſt. That the maſter of playhouſe offered him the freedom of his houſe, but he refuſed it alſo; the maſter, poſſibly, ſcarce believes this, or any elſe. Thus he would pay, and he would puff the m——, who ſcarce wanted it.

ency of matter; in which caſe it will be of uſe to it. But if ſuch author principally minds the puffing himſelf, rather than in reality the perſon of merit he would pretend to recommend, it will then certainly be of ſmall uſe, either to ſuch perſon, or the paper. But to come yet a little nearer, we ſhall find that whatever good effects ſuch of his writings might have with the parties concerned, 'tis well known they were often ſo very improperly and injudiciouſly painted out, nay frequently ſo ſtrange, hard, paultry, ſtaring and glaring, with loaded daubings, to ſuch particular perſons he meant to ſerve, that it has made the party even bluſh for ſhame; by fulſomely aſſerting, and aſcribing, ſuch improper qualities to them, they in their conſcience knew did not belong to them, and could no way reaſonably pretend to. And as yet, even thereafter, to have leſſened the good done, by future vain vaunting ſcribbles, or idle aſſertions of more than was really done. What frothy, flowery, encomiums, and tawdry, fulſome, ſpeeches, have we not upon himſelf: Upon his recommending a perſon he ſaid he once had ſome ſmall jarring or difference with, yet who was in the wrong is not ſo clear, I ſhall not however determine, but ſuſpect who was moſt likely ſo to have been. But this moſt excellent diſintereſted florid orator continues to inform the ſame divinity, in his ſaid performance, *that he has not perhaps on any occaſion mentioned in his writings*, ſays he, *the preſent writer* hereof, to wit him he thus accuſes. *But let him once*, ſays he, *deſerve his praiſe, and, notwithſtanding this flagrant inſult, I engage*, quoth he, *my honour, he ſhall have it*. What a very remarkably fine ſugar-plum here is truly! But this, as readily obliges me, (the accuſed,) as fervently, and zeal-

zealouſly, to apply and to beſeech the ſame great goddeſs, that ſhe would be ſo very good and bountiful, as abſolutely, poſitively, and peremptorily to command him to forbear, and never to beſpatter the preſent writer, (or *K——y,*) with the leaſt ſyllable of his praiſes, which could only be injurious to our character and reputation; that on the contrary, he would boiſterouſly and unfeignedly go on, as he has ſo remarkably begun, with his dirt, ſcandal, and ſcurrility, which, according to his own rule and authority, will certainly contribute to *brighten our reputation.* It being moſt certain, that I was always particularly cautious, and fearful, of being puff'd, or mentioned, in any of his public papers, by him, for fear of the worſt. Nor can he, I believe, have the face and aſſurance to deny but that I might readily, and freely, have attain'd to all that, or more (whilſt in correſpondence) had I ever inclined to have propoſed it. Thus then, let him therefore, O thou moſt mighty and *eternal Truth!* I moſt humbly and heartily beſeech thee, that he ſtill do moſt ſtrenuouſly and outragiouſly go on, in his wild ſcandal, and incoherent ſcurrility, that is, in his own uſual manner to me! And that he would graciouſly, and officiouſly, beſtow his pye-bald puffs, and vain verboſe recommendations, to ſuch good people, as want, value, ſollicit, or require them of him: Nor let him in the leaſt, or in any way, be deficient to ſuch, as well as to their performances, who have, without fee or reward, carefully attended him, in the latter remarkable pourings out of the *ſtreams of life.* Grant me then this my fervent prayer, O thou moſt great and ſolemn power, that I may carefully be ſpared from all his paultry, intereſted, or even from the choice

and

choice and moſt precious of all his dull puffs, or ſordid praiſe? next to this, he goes on to tell this ſacred virgin goddeſs, of his celebrated *Dia Mundi*, as he is pleaſed to term her, whom I never hitherto writ of or mentioned to diſadvantage, or otherwiſe nor know any more of her, but by appearance in public company at his houſe, ſo that to me, ſhe ſeems to be full as deſerving as himſelf. As to the eſſay on modeſty, in that pamphlet (charged to us alſo) as being wrong; I ſhall enter no farther into that particular, it being non of mine, than to ſay this only, that when I can reaſonably ſuſpect him, to have the leaſt grain thereof, I then may imagine that by having ſome notion what modeſty really is, he may then poſſibly be able to ſay ſomething to purpoſe thereon. He after this mentions the charge laid to him, of the miſtakes he acquaints us are of the preſs, which cannot ſays he be otherwiſe, in daily papers: for want of time *&c.* an excellent excuſe truely for all blunders, neglects, faults (not ſo in Tattlers) *&c*; but ought not ſuch at leaſt, to be corrected by an errata next day? are the public then to do it, for themſelves; or for him? Yet this is not meerly the caſe of his daily papers only, ſince we find even full as many in this ſcurril vindication, not above three ſheets, ſuch as the bidding us look for * *Lycombes* in *Ainſworth*, not to be found there, or in any other dictionary: now when we ſhall be ready to inform him, that there was indeed ſuch a perſon as *Lycambes* mentioned by *Horace*, he might have looked into: he

* To what purpoſe ſays, *Scriblerus*, all chaſtiſements or whippings, ſince they are of no more uſe with him, than with a common vagrant, whoſe ſkin is ſo hardened and thickened by frequent laſhes; that he no way minds it. Nor do his cheeks ever redden, from that general thickening.

he will I doubt not ſtrait cry, 'twas him truely, this very man *he meant*. He then runs on there alſo with his *continuatio panctorum &c.* which he leaves us likeways *to correct*. Now tho' theſe ſtrong truths here mentioned, may perhaps with much more reaſon, gall, grate, and trouble him than his falſhood and ſcurrility can the above ſaid perſon: yet I am well perſwaded, from his ſuper-abounding vanity, and ſelf love, that he will never put the finiſhing cord, or bow-ſtring in practice on himſelf; which I heartily rejoice at, and I ſhould by no means wiſh for: ſince the public, as well as we, might thus loſe our proper game. As to his being *arrived at ſuch a pitch of exellence in the article of his ſtile*, as he is pleaſed to tell us, I muſt beg leave only to refer him; or the inquiſitive reader, to the four lines on our title page with out troubling our ſelves, or others any further on that head. As to his pilfering, and imitating of his great predeceſſors the ſpectators, and tatlers, he performs it indeed much like ſome vain *dull Pantaloon*, playing the ſmart, witty, active harlequin. He next attacks the honeſty of the ſaid perſon or ſuppoſed writer, by ſaying that he *dupes and impoſes on all with whom he has any intimacy*, can he experimentally complain then, of being thus duped, and impoſed on, by the good offices done him or any otherwiſe by the perſon he thus accuſes? or is not the ſaid perſon now ſo duped and impoſed on by him, from ſuch ungrateful returns? He after this acquaints the goddeſs, *that the public immediately gave the performance* (he complains of,) *to this gentleman.*——And for further evidence, and to confirm the voice of the public.——*O goddeſs* (ſays he) *I met him at the Bedford, and ſaw confuſion in his face.*——And

pray

pray (dear reader) are not theſe very pretty proofs? Very pretty ſayings? And very pretty writings in an inſpectatorial way? And all this too to the *awfull Goddeſs Truth*, which (by the by) is in the whole, as great an untruth, and falſhood as ever was told. Let us now come to the better clearing up of this affair. Firſt then, is it to be imagin'd, or can it be thought poſſible, that this ſo very penetrating a genius, ſo very wiſe and judicious an inſpector (the director general of *Great Britan*) can ſo very eaſily ſlightly and readily, without the leaſt juſt or ſolid foundation, thus publickly and raſhly attack, in the moſt unfair, unjuſt, atrocious and ſcurril manner, a friend, *one* in his own words *with whom* (ſays he) *you have long had ſome degree of intimacy*. Who when he laſt ſpoke to this accuſer, this hero, at the *Bedford*, on aſking if he had any ſuſpicion of his writing ſuch pamphlet, as one perſon had mentioned ſuch report to him, yes, replied our hero; *I have heard ſo likewiſe*. And do you believe it? replied the other, the perſon accuſed? to which the anſwer was, *that he did not believe it*. Neither have I (ſo charged) ever ſeen him thereafter, or to have had the leaſt communication with him: whilſt in the mean time his own ſaid ſcurril pamphlet was publiſhed, ſo abuſing his friend. 'Tis true he herein tell us, *the public immediately gave it to this gentleman* and this public, or the town (on due enquiry) will be found to be, one, or two at the moſt, of his intimates at the *Bedford*, who were pleaſed to tell him ſo. Moſt admirable truely! what a very notable and glorious *humbugg* here is! thus to uſe the fond expreſſion of this elegant improver of our language: tho' originally indeed, invented, by his dear helpmate

mate, improver poliſher alſo, Mr *F——t*. Yet had the giddy, ſilly heedleſs brain of this hurrying buſtling wild inſpector reflected a little; or had the leaſt real conſideration, he might ſoon, and clearly, have obſerved, that the writer of *his life and writings*, plainly enough appears to be of one of our two *South Britiſh* univerſities, not only to be gathered from the writer's own words, but by his abuſing alſo and making ſlight of thoſe of the north,* which laſt could no way reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be from us, who he well knows (never before mentioned) that this ſo accuſed, or preſent writer, was even the firſt who recomended him for his *diploma* from ſuch univerſity, which, 'tis true, we did not then ſo naturally incline to, but by being much preſſed thereto, by the other recommender: more eſpecially on conſidering, that tho' he was far inferiour, or far from having all the proper qualifications neceſſary, to the making a judicious and truely experienced, diſtinguiſhing, great, or good phyſician: yet I likewiſe thought, and ſuppoſed, from ſome qualities he was poſſeſſed of, ſuch as his being bred to pharmacy, ſome reading, buſy and buſtling; with alſo, ſome application, vivacity, and the pother he made and produced in natural hiſtory, that I concluded, he was not to be regarded as inferior, probably full as good, as ſome or many, who by intereſt, or friends, are not refuſed the ſame favour, at moſt, if not at any univerſity whatever. But as a farther proof (ſays he) of the confuſion of the accuſed, *'twas viſible in the*



* He in his inſpector, ſneers on the *North*, but as he has his honour from thence, he may be ſaid to drop his *Ordure* in his cap, and ſo to clap it on his head, by way of ornament. This may be ſtyled inſpectoral dignity.

*face* when he ſpoke to him at the *Bedford*. 'Tis indeed plain enough that his brain was then, and ever ſince, confuſed and ſenſeleſs: tho' ſtill to retain, his uſual, and moſt unalterable *ſevenfold face of braſs*. Were theſe then the thanks? Were theſe the grateful returns, a friend was to receive, for this good office done? Or was it yet, for projecting, and putting him on writing the *materia* medica*, for which he received 125 guineas of the bookſeller? And tho' a ſingle copy, by way of acknowledgment, was promiſed, yet he never received it. What are we to think then, if you'll take his own word for it, of this ſo grateful, this moſt generous, moſt diſintereſted, inſpector general of *Great Britain*? is not this very excellent, and well to be approved, thus to uſe his beſt friends and benefactors? As to this book here mentioned, I cannot pretend to ſay, how well it may be performed: but as I knew he had applyed to this branch of ſtudy, to have writ on ſome part thereof, and had con'd over, and made notes on *Pomet*; this with the aſſiſtance of *Geofroi*, † *Linæus*, *&c.* I could not well imagine it to be very greatly amiſs. Tho' I muſt likewiſe own, I could have wiſhed him to have had the candor, veracity and truth that is to be found in *Lemery*, (whom I knew,) and might be depended on in what he inſerted, to his own knowledge; however the performance has in ſome meaſure anſwered his purpoſe, if it does the like for the proprietors, that is all is ſought for by them.

Was

* This work is principally taken or, tranſcribed from that of *Geofroi*, doubling quantities by way of diſguiſe.

† His folio on botany is in a manner all taken from this author. As to blunders in one or t'other, they go into the bargain or the reducing 10 or 12 of ſuch botanic articles from the ſaid author into one is rendering them much more conciſe.

Was this then the way (as he ſays) of his friend's *duping and impoſing on every perſon he is acquainted with?* Or is it not in reality this ſcurril, ingrate writer, that has thus notoriouſly duped and impoſed on his friend? I once indeed heard this gallant ſcribe publickly and gayly affirm, *that he never ſpoke well of any one in his days*, which we will allow to be true, excepting puffs, from private views, *&c.* and thus it was, alſo, that his aſſociate, and intimate dear friend, *F——t*, once happening to ſpeak well, or favourably, of a perſon, on aſking him how that came to paſs? He frankly reply'd, it was the only perſon in his life, he ever ſpoke well of. The great misfortune then, that a writer lies liable to, who meddles with ſuch malevolent buſtlers, is that they have no character to looſe. As to the notes herein mentioned alſo, 'twas ſaid there was ſome ſuch to have been ſeen, in the notable performance of *Taſte*, probably from the ſame hand. As to his, now here mentioning a noble perſon, to whom I introduced this grateful hero; if after being civilly received, and ſhewed what he deſired, it appeared not the choice of ſuch perſon to cultivate further acquaintance with him, who is it is to be accountable for this? But that noble family's domeſtics, &c. are fully ſenſible of the behaviour, and even diſintereſtedneſs of the abuſed, his often preventing, &c. So that ſuch miſcreant, malicious, calumnious inſinuations, are not to be heard or attended to by ſuch, or any of honour, or knowledge, he is known to. Yet tſiis alſo, is properly enough to be added to the falſhood account of this viperine crazy ſcribbler, with his diabolic ſpectoral gratitude to his friend. As to the reſt of that ſorry miſerable performance, he concludes

cludes, after having told the goddeſs *Truth* all his very inſtructive, elegant, fine tale, that *ſhe*, ſays he, *with a ſmile of approbation, delivered me her* * *own pen, and told me, that what had pleaſed her, ſhe was confident, would be read with pleaſure by the public.* But it were well if the bookſeller could find it ſo, that the public eſteemed, bought, or regarded it. How his friend, the trunk-maker, he there mentions, receives, and finds his account in it, is the queſtion? The author, who, he ſays, *muſt eat*, could not certainly do ſo by this, ſince it was ſcarce ſufficient to pay the advertiſing, tho' principally only in his own paper, on eaſier terms. I ſhould, however, have obſerved to my reader, that although this matchleſs performer, thus ends with this goddeſs, and indeed with this unparalleled piece; yet his printer and he (as he ſays) conſidering there was little more than two ſheets, they intended for a ſhilling, they very wiſely thought fit to add two or three pages more, ſo to ſave their bacon; or for fear of the hue and cry paſſing after them. Thus then, muſt it not be allowed, to be a very polite and prudent (not to ſay imprudent, or impudent) confeſſion, of apparently playing

* He obſerves, *July* the 1ſt, of the Tatler, that there is not a ſingle paper would have raiſed a bluſh in any one to have owned it; whereas there is ſcarce a ſingle line in the Inſpector, whether to this goddeſs, or of his eternity with that paper, or his own fulſome praiſe, but would make every one bluſh but himſelf. The abuſe of particulars was not to be ſeen in theſe, ſo common in this pretending mimicker. Nay even private names put at full length with the vileſt abuſe. Surely no bookſeller of credit would have been concerned, or encouraged ſuch. Nor was there ever any ſuch barefaced ſcurrility to be ſeen even in the *Grubſtreet* journal. But this ſcurrhill ſcribler quarrels puts the ſign and of the perſon's names in full, and tries to expoſe him in his profeſſion, knowledge, &c. He is however ſo wiſe as to regard and uſe the moſt publick places as the beſt proteſtion.

playing upon, *duping and impoſing* on the public, to lengthen thus out, and that with meer ſtuff for the ſhilling; ſo common to other impoſing authors, tho' not ſo impudently and barefacedly told. Whilſt at the ſame time too, this addition has no more to do with the real pamphlet, or foregoing ſubject, than if he had wiſely joined thereto a *Welſh* ſermon, a *Canterbury* ſtory, a ballad, or *Grubſtreet* horrid and bloody murther. But laying aſide this vain romantic ſcurril performance, to approach the mountainous unaccountable farrago of wild heaps, of indigeſted ſcribbles, of this Roſicruſian Hero; what ſhall we, or can we then ſay of them? Or what can he reaſonably expect might be ſaid of them? To examine! ſurely he, nor any elſe, could ever believe, hope, or expect, I ſhould be ſo very idle as to incline to read but one tenth part of ſuch frantic, and romantic, chimerical, vain, loquacious ſtuff. Or does he as yet imagine me to be a *Hercules?* And that I ſhould even undertake to clean *all* the filth from the ſuch like *Augæan* ſtables. No, No, Good Sir, we know ſomewhat better than to throw away our time ſo ſimply. However, if a word or two, on ſome of the beſt received of them, may be of uſe to our reader, as a ſpecimen of the whole, he is welcome to that. The foundation of his work, and opinion of the creation of foſſils, is built on Dr *Woodward*, tho' I do not ſo eaſily and readily agree with him, or his followers, in that common notion, of the general flood's being the occaſion of all thoſe ſhells and other marine productions, being in, and on, the ſummits of the higheſt mountains. It would ſeem neceſſary for a naturaliſt to prove this, by ſome other argument to the *Chineſe*, who know not of any ſuch flood. Or if we will allow this

flood

ſtood to have diſſolved (as alledged) all ſtones, ſhells, foſſils, &c. as effectually, or more ſo, than ſtrain'd peaſe-porridge, after forty days ſoaking rain. How comes it, I pray, that ſuch materials lye hundreds (poſſibly thouſands) of years, in ſtill water, and more likely increaſe than diſſolve, or diminiſh? We are told, it was rain water (not aqua fortis or any particular diſſolving *menſtruum*,) or if ſo, this learned copyer, or expounder, ſhould have told us of what nature it was; and how the rocks and mountains came not alſo to be diſſolved and levelled? But if I ſay and think a much more reaſonable opinion might be produced, yet as that would require a particular diſſertation to clear it, we muſt refer it to further opportunity. This author's chymiſtry is moſtly borrow'd, or purloin'd, from that noted *German*, *Newman*, without labouring much therein himſelf: Nor have his great intimates, curious in this, ever yet been able to ſee his laboratory, in that way. All however is entirely given for his own, when he treats on this ſubject *. In his natural hiſtory, where he mentions the *Iriſh* ſlate, or *Lapis Hybernicus*, by his operations he tells of his having extracted great quantities of *allum* therefrom. Yet the writer of the hiſtory of *Cork*, where they have it on the ſpot in ſuch great quantities, and who ſeems to give ſufficient attention to our peremptory ſelf-ſufficient author's accounts, as well as to this his experiment; yet ſays, that though he has very often, at different times, try'd this experiment, he could never be able to extract the leaſt quantity of allum from it. This author admits its ſtipticity, which he

* *Scriblerus* obſerves, that *Salmon*'s many books (in his time) on drugs, &c. ſold and were much more in demand than any of this author, which bookſellers well know.

he, however, ſuppoſes to be vitriol; he, at the ſame time, allows that there is allum in common or other ſlate, and that Sir *Wm Petit* had, in his time, erected ſome works, in ſome parts of that country, for this purpoſe; but that there is no ſuch thing to be taken from the true and genuine *Lapis Hibernicus*, ſo that he would inſinuate our infallible and moſt knowing author miſtakes and takes one for the other. As to the fine and valuable gems, I am thoroughly and entirely ſatisfy'd (both by converſation, and obſervation) that he, in reality, knows little, or nothing at all, of the matter. As to the ſmall ſmattering he can any way pretend to have pick'd up from *Theophraſtus*, *Pliny*, or other old writers, or compilers, they appear only to have ſerved to miſlead and to render him vain, confident, and preſumptuous, of his thus having attained ſome real knowledge; and ſo precipitately, and forwardly, has thrown himſelf into the darling, ambitious, vain glorious humour, of writing on that he the leaſt, or in reality knew nothing off. I will venture to ſay he has ſcarce ever ſeen any thing material of this kind, and frequently to have paſſed ſuch like thorough his hands, (neceſſary to a knowing writer) or even to have had the leaſt tolerable experience in that way, ſo as truly to know which is which; or, in reality, properly to know one from the other. However I would not willingly ſay much on this head, or any other, without further proofs, and more full ſatisfaction to the curious reader; and as I intend only to take notice of a few things, in ſuch of his works thought to be his beſt, beyond which there would be no end, I ſhall then here chooſe to commence with his noted *Theophraſtus*, and which probably is indeed moſt likely to be his beſt,

beſt, having taken time and ſome pains therein, as well as that it is a ſubject he pretends to be in his own proper way, and ſo very much to underſtand. I would firſt then take the liberty of modeſtly inquiring what could be the real intent of the tranſlation and remarks on this antient author, which to me does not altogether ſo clearly appear, unleſs it was that he was greatly willing to ſhew that he underſtood ſome *Greek*. For if he did truly mean it to explain, make out, and better to make known to us, ſuch earths and gems in uſe with the antients, I can no way be of opinion he has entered into that to any purpoſe. Or was it yet more fully to ſhew us the affinity of ſuch, with thoſe of the moderns? If ſo, his writings appear as little to anſwer that. Or if he yet meant to inſtruct us effectually in the knowledge and uſe of ſtones, and earths, in general, he ſurely has done as little in that; ſince I verily apprehend it will be extremely difficult to find out how much we are truly the wiſer from this excellent performance. Nay, let us even enquire into the great uſe of this antient noted author, as at the beſt we have him: whether he truly underſtood and was well practiced in what he wrote on, or that he was only a meer compiler, as his follower *Pliny* (who took all on truſt from books or others) is the firſt queſtion, tho' moſt probably the latter. However it is not in the leaſt pretended by this worthy ſcribe, or any elſe, but that this antient author has ſuffered greatly, in his manuſcripts (by time and tranſcriptions, *&c.*) as well as thoſe of his maſter *Ariſtotle*. But our preſent tranſlator is pleaſed to acquaint us, that he has carefully examined all the various tranſlations of this author, who have left many

many words and paſſages untouched, and probably much the wiſer they: but now ſays our preſent bold, forward, undertaker, he hath (quoth he) explained, all that obſcurity, and uncertainty, which 'tis plain none elſe was daring and preſumptive enough to adventure. Mighty well all this, but then he is alſo, ſo very good, as to inform us how moſt wiſely ingeniouſly, learnedly, judiciouſly, and not to be queſtioned a good way he performs all this ſo very accurate and perfect work, that is principally (ſays he) by the clear and exact *interpretation* of *Pliny*. Very plain! and greatly exact truly! but ſuppoſing the unlucky thought ſhould come into ſome ones head to obſerve this *Pliny* to have been a *Roman* or *Italian*, 500 years after this *Greek* this *Grecian* author, conſequently, even then a modern to him of a different country and language alſo (if he even underſtood it well) yet ſurely this *Greek* author's works, had paſſed through many hands, and ſuffer'd much during this long ſpace of years: during which time, our tranſlator even takes notice there was little elſe, then *blunders* and *errors daily committed*. Next to this let us remark that even *Pliny* himſelf, was probably no other than a meer compiler, without a thorough knowledge of the things he writ of: nor was he ever regarded as exact and true; or greatly to be depended on, nay our tranſlator even likewiſe allows him to be full of *infinite errors and blunders*, no leſs, indeed as related by the ſame, then to miſtake *a whetſtone for a diamond*. Thus then, what from the one and from the other, what can we, or are we to expect from his notable explanations in the modern way? But he further tells us that he has likewiſe conſulted the learned *Salmaſius* on this,

yet differs with him (quoth he) where he thought proper, but we thank him for nothing, ſince if he leaves us to chooſe, I ſuſpect ſhrewdly, we ſhall be apt to lean to the ſide of that learned author, who freely acknowledges how very little we moderns really know, of theſe things, or of any of the true ſimples, or drugs, of the antients. But letus now take a little notice of the title page, of this famed antique author, whether originally ſo by *Theophraſtus* himſelf, or ſome one ſince (which laſt the moſt probable) is what we are no way informed of: Yet certainly it muſt be allow'd to be a very improper one, ſince it more truely ought to be termed, a hiſtory of different kinds of earth, with ſome ſtones, or gems. page4, *Theophraſtus*, there tell us of the *Scapteſylæ* ſtone, like rotten wood that oil being poured thereon, it burns away. On this our diligent tranſlator, and expounder. acquaints us, that tis likely it is thus only, *by errors upon errors, in different copies* and as good as then and there informs us, that even he (as well as we) is quite unacquainted, and an abſolute ſtranger to any thing at all of the matter. This knowing expounder next then obſerves, and inſtructs us in *diamonds which* (ſays he) *have in all ages been eſteemed much more valuable then all others* (*viz* ſtones;) which aſſertion, I affirm to be abſolutely falſe, and plainly ſhows how very little he knows of theſe affairs, ſince it is well known with jewllers, that a rock ruby, when paſſing four or five grains, is much more valuable (being perfect) than any ſuch diamond, and riſes in ſuperior value accordingly as it increaſes, and muſt no doubt have been this, was called the true carbuncle of the antients, a ſmall ſtone of five or ſix grains, being worth ſo much as mentioned by that author. So

far

far then, as to the value of diamonds with us moderns. How they were valued in the age of *Theophraſtus*, or earlier: or indeed with any of the antients, we could greately have wiſhed this knowing interpreter had kindly informed us whether he had borow'd it from *Pliny* (whoſe knowledge therein we have ſpoke of) or from any other: but ſince all ſuch information is altogether wanting from him, let us then ourſelves, go on with *Theophraſtus*, where there is no ſuppoſition of error, aledged, ſpeaking of † the *carbuncle*. *This ſtone* (ſays he) *is extremely valuable, one of a very ſmall ſize being prized at forty auræi*, (or guineas,) and was no doubt the moſt valuable ſtone, according to that, then known to them. Nevertheleſs this our knowing and moſt learned expounder tells us, that the *Garamantin*, or *Carthaginian carbuncle of the antients*, (to wit the beſt) is no other than the *garnet of the moderns.*——*famous* continues he *for ſuſtaining the force of fire*, mighty finely fairly and plainly proved truely. But I ſhould likewiſe have been glad that he had no leſs clearly proved, that a garnet (which he deſcribes) is extreamly valuable? And that one of a very ſmall ſize, is worth at leaſt forty, guineas, *Greek Roman* or *Engliſh* gold? or even that ſuch a very ſmall garnet, is worth the twentieth part thereof. As to

† This notable author, in his *materia medica* ſpeaking of the *Ruby*, no way mends the matter there, by ſaying it is ſecond in value to the diamond, the contrary of which we have obſerved. Nor do we find but that he is full as faulty in this latter work, on the ſubject of gems (which I juſt peep'd into) as he is in *Theophraſtus*. I have not thought it worth my while to examine the bold blunders of the other parts of that latter work I put him upon. Nor ſhall I ever purchaſe either one or t'other. I wiſh it have the veracity, if ignorance be excuſed by the public, I ſhall alſo obſerve, that the ſame on gems, in his folio foſſil book, can be no better.

to its reſiſtance of fire, a vermilion which he ſeems not to know, conſequently ſpeaks not, threof, is a ſtone of a clearer red, and is the moſt noted for its reſiſting the fire, of any of the coloured ſtones, without looſing its colour: as to the *aqua marine*, he as learnedly and knowingly confounds this with the *emerald*, and the *ſaphire*, which laſt, is well known to be remarkably diſtinguiſhable both by its ſuperior hardnes and by its colour. As to his text, or notes, page 59 *&c.* he again confounds the *ſaphire* with the *Lapis Lazuli*, the *Armenus*, the *Cyanus*, and the *Egyptian* fictitious ſtone; jumbling all to gether, for the reader is to decide which is which, and is indeed too much for me to explain, ſuch a laborious and accurate commentator: it is no more however then what I ſuſpected. I ſhould in ſpeaking of rubies, have mentioned that this notable interpreter, tells us of the *garnet ruby*, which he is pleaſed to call the rock ruby; I freely own I am unacquainted with the garnet ruby, as moſt others I dare ſay are. I ſhould not therefore (in his next edition) be any way ſurpriſed, to ſee the cornelian ruby, the red, jaſper ruby, or that of the ſhim ſham inſpectatorial ruby. Nor do moſt of the deſcriptions of the colour'd ſtones, ſeem more intelligible then this 'tho had he methinks a little more conſulted moderns, as *Savory*, it would not I judge have been diſadvantagious. The fine ſtuff he writes on *Emeralds*, * oriental and occidental, is very remarkable

* I ſhall further obſerve, that as the ſaphire is in the ſame ſtone (ſeen) with the blue, and the yeallow ſeparate, ſo it ſomtimes may happen that this ſame blue and yellow, come to be mixed, in which caſe, it makes a bad green, that is to ſay, a blueiſh, or yellowiſh green; but never of the true deep velvet, fine emerald green. So there are greeniſh diamonds

kable and that the ſaid ſtone, is exceſſively hard, even as that of a *ſaphire* conſequently hard as the *rock ruby*, ſo next in hardneſs to a diamond, for we have ſpecimens of the ſaphire ſtone with the red, the blue the yellow but never a fine green. Theſe things being known to *Lapidaries*, and that there is no ſuch thing as an emerald of that hardneſs. That it is in reality, no other than a fine green chryſtal, and of the like hardneſs, and tho ſome may be harder than others as chryſtals alſo are, and that other ſtones or diamonds ſo differ, yet there are none which come up to any thing near the hardneſs ſpoken of. Neither is it to be made appear, that there is any ſuch thing as oriental emeralds, all being carried to the *Eaſt-indies* from *Europe*, or *America*, We ſhould conſequently have ow'd him great obligations, to have informed us either from antients, or moderns, where ſuch emerald mines ever were, or are, in the *Eaſt-indies*. The text and notes alſo, on the *lapis lyncurius*, are worthy the notice. That this ſtone according to *Theophraſtus*, has a quality not given to the *hiacynth* or jacinth, as this commentator ſuppoſes, contrary to the opinion of *Geofroy* and *Geſnar* he conſulted: which they agree was always a proper and diſtinguiſhing quality given to *amber*. Nor will a miſtake or blunder in the writing of *Theophraſtus*, prove it more clearly for him: Nor can we affirm this author to have had a very diſtinct and perfect notion of both, elſe he muſt more exactly and clearly have deſcribed each of them, which he has not done. If we would give the leaſt attention to what he aſſerts, of its being produced from

monds, but never of the fine emerald green, Nor that any ſuch fine green, or proper emerald, is ever brought from *Cambay* or the *Eaſt-indies* as he ignorantly aſſerts evenal ſo in his *materia medica*.

from the urine of an animal, it might ſooner be imagined to be amber, then jacinth as being a reſinous inflammable ſubſtance, whither from ſome ſubteraneous conſumed fir or otherwiſe, is not here ſo material to determine. Be theſe things as they will, when this author with his commentator would ſuppoſe a *jacinth* to be produced from urine diſtinguiſhing it at the ſame time into the male and female ſtones, produced from that; I own I ſhould have been apt to have left ſuch author to others. But as the other ſtones are alſo here claſſed in to male and female, approved by our commentator, the world would have owed, him obligations, to have inſtructed them, in the male and female *diamond*: he indeed may perhaps know the latter. Nay he may tis likely find out the male too. As to the *jaſper*, its being (ſays he) generally green, I ſay not, but is more generally of a dirty red or other colour, (of which I gave him a ſmall ſpecimen) when green, it is then properly call'd the *Heliotrope* or blood ſtone, which a little further he ſo mentions it. He is at laſt likewiſe obliged to own that the antients have not been clear, in their accounts of the *Onyx*, and ſo even *Theophraſtus* tho he pretends him to be better then the reſt. Yet ſtill this ſcientific commentator, has made us as little the wiſer on this head as the former. And tho he names its likeneſs to a *Nail*, which we have good reaſon to judge was cribbed from us, yet even this ſo plain hint, has not made him ſufficiently wiſe here or knowing therein, ſo as to give the true ſenſe and meaning thereof: that is to ſay, the real and true deſcription of the thing. Had he duely conſidered his greek or latin (if not his lexicon) he would have found the ὄνυξ or *onyx* in latin *unguis*, to deſcribe it ſince the nail here men-

mentioned, when detached, is naturally of a light blueiſh colour: and it is this coloured ſtone or bed, with the dark ſtony ground or bed of ſuch colour. that is the true and genuine *Onyx*. Thoſe with the *ſard* or rediſh brown, above the blue, is properly termed the *Sardonix*. Thus then that with the white with other colours, ſpoken of by *Theophraſtus*, are moſt properly termed, to be of the onyx kind or *onycates*. This very knowing author or profound expounder, likewiſe informs us, that the *the true genuine onyx is that with the white*. Tis well if this great *adeptus rerum* could perſwade jewellers, or other knowing perſons, into this opinion. And tis mighty lucky for our learned commentator, if his aſſerting ſuch novelties, greatly redounds to his credit and reputation. He might indeed ſufficiently have ſeen, known, and learn'd, what the true, genuine, and moſt valuable *onyxes* were, (when I introduced him) had he duely and properly obſerved: tho he improved not that opportunity, neither deſerved he the friendſhip, civility, favour or honour either of that noble perſon or of the preſent writer. But as I incline not to cloy my reader with this kind of critical knowledge, of which I have ſtill more left ſhould the public approve it, yet as I firſt incline to judge of their approbation by this, I ſhall at preſent refer it. And thus draw to an end, I ſhall only ſay, that this performance will plainly enough be obſerved, to be very different both in materials and manner, of writing, from that alledged, of the *life and character &c.* and now ſhould he at laſt be any way ſenſible of his error, it would ſurely be unpreſidented, tho I am well perſwaded, that his preſumptuous inſolent pride; or vanity, no not even his religion, will ever allow

him

to repent or in the leaſt to acknowledge his fault, no more to be expected than from a blind, obſtinate, and perverſe horſe that he ſhould repent for having eat his belly full of corn. Nor will his formal ſaturdays papers influence or be of the leaſt uſe to him in this or any other way. Let him then go on I ſay, with his wonted forwardneſs, and his unmannerly intrepid ſcurrillity, ſince if the public incline to more, and I ſtill remain in the humour of tumbling about ſuch foul ſooty *R——gs*, let the bye ſtanders than ſtand clear, for an old fellow to encounter ſuch young blacking bluſtring flaſhes; hurra my boys *a clear ſtage and no favour. Nemo &c.*

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*A Receipt for the writing of* Inſpectors,

AFter having drank a full draught of a ſtrong decoction of uncommon aſſurance, let that of *Monday* begin with high praiſing and puffing of your ſelf, and all your works; as well as to write letters of praiſe to yourſelf, calling you all wiſe, all judicious, all prudent, all knowing, all foreſeeing, all benevolent, all generous *&c.*

Let *Tueſday* be an old woman's *Canterbury* ſtory, which if you incline to embelliſh, with flowrie words, and romantic dreams, or blend with a ſhare of ſcandal, you may.

*Wedneſday* may be a panygyrical oration on Grub-ſtreet ballads, with the like on the ladies of the ſame ſtreet, which will meet with great approbation from all the gallant fribbles, well wiſhers to trade, in this great town.

*Thurſ-*

*Thurſday*, microſcopic obſervations on any inſect you have a mind to, from the mechanic optician, ſuch honeſt plain account, may at pleaſure be illuſtrated with all ſorts of wild romantic imaginations, and fantaſtic decoration, in an inſpectatorial way.

*Friday* on ſcurrillity, ſcandal and calumny, public, or private, friend, or foe, to be moſt ſpontaneouſly decorated, with all that falſhood, malice and envy can invent.

*Saturday* a welch ſermon, of which plenty are to be had, as well as of all other kinds. It may alſo for better and for worſe be re-model'd, into our own ſtile, and manner by way of variety; or to call it our own turn, to ſuch divinity, and our authority for abuſing and ſcandalizing, *offending G——d if we dont*, vide inſpect ſatur, *Sep.* 19.

The 7 day may ſerve to pick up all manner of ſcandal and ſcurrillity, in all the public places from ſuch familiar acquaintance or company as deals in that way, occaſionaly to be uſed for further improvement, to publiſh the other days.

*N B.* Altho a good *Canterbury* will at any time do far better than ſtale news, in common papers, to entertain you with; yet ſhould you incline to vary, you may ſuch days uſe ſcandal and detraction, you will always find that dear ſcandal, goes down at all times. Your filching a character from a play of *Colley's*, or from ſome other, and pointing it to ſome particular perſon, with ſome particular circumſtance, or other abuſe *probatum eſt*, you may alſo remember occaſionally the ladies of the town, with their hiſtory, panagyric will do better for them, and ſcurrillity for others, all this to be improved in the inſpectatorial way. But be ſure in every paragraph every day, not to neg-

lect

fect the praiſes of your ſelf and your performances: as being the moſt extraordinary that ever appear'd in the world, and the bookſellers intereſted will do ſo of courſe.

*FINIS.*